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## Mrs. Carter Contrasts The Lady With a Past With Modern Sister

The Difference Between Them Is That, While One Dies in the Good Old-Fashioned Way, the Other Lives Happily Ever After.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THESE really should have been another chair at the table for our old stage friend, The Lady with a Past. She seemed to come in with the oysters, and it goes without saying that she was talked about. Mrs. Carter, full of her first experience with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."



wondered what The Lady with a Past would think of The Lady with a Present.

"It seems to me," she reflected, pointing her fork, "that the worse a woman is, the more she gets along. I don't know quite what to make of the modern woman as the playwright sees her when he puts on his morally adjusted glasses. Unlike the unfortunate lady who suffered herself to be crushed by her past, her current prototype not only takes a high and mighty stand, but she isn't satisfied until she has justified herself. She both goes on and gets on at an astonishing rate. Perhaps she reflects the independent spirit of the age. Yes, I will have a little salt, thank you."

A talk with Mrs. Carter is not all salt and pepper, with no meat. There is substance in what she says. That's what makes her worth while. That's what makes her stage performances their vital quality. She never speaks without thinking. She puts brain behind utterance.

"Your modern heroine who faces a moral problem is no oyster," she resumed, studying a half-shell by way of an object lesson. "Oh, no! She has a great deal to say for herself, and she says it without any apologies. Instead of allowing her past to drag her down to a timely grave in the fourth act, she digs it up in the third act and exhibits it with a fearlessness that brings her triumph. Times certainly have changed. In the days of 'The Scarlet Letter,' for example, the attitude toward a woman who erred was nothing less than fatalistic. And look back, for a moment, at the stage heroine who loved and suffered. Du Barry paid the debt she died. Vasta Herne did the same. Adeline, Camille, Frou Frou—they died. But the modern lady whose past is the least of her worries lives happily ever after. The contrast is striking. But I do wish you'd eat something. Can't I talk you into a few oysters?"

An attentive waiter approached the table—but he did not bring a chair for the poor Lady with a Past, who by this time must have felt a trifle weak in the knees.

"I don't mind saying," confessed Mrs. Carter, "that I have my doubts about some of the long-suffering heroines of the stage wearing sackcloth and ashes for the rest of their lives. Zaza, for one, did go away by herself, but I've often wondered whether Duffrenne didn't follow her on the next trolley car. You never can tell unless the heroine is killed in the last act, and that, of course, settles her. But the Lady with a Present insists upon living. That's the New Thought in dramatic form."

The waiter brought cracked ice and heaped it upon the New Thought. It took only a moment for Mrs. Carter's hair to melt the ice.

"Do you know," she asked, "that I'm just getting acquainted with Paula Tanqueray? No, I didn't think you did. Well, let me tell you that I have never seen a performance of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' That makes my performance all the more remarkable. I'm glad to hear you say that, for I've been out only two weeks, and when I came into New York at a moment's notice I gave my sixth performance of Paula. I hope you are right in saying it may become one of my greatest roles, for I feel it is big and I am going to do my best to live up to it. After all, Paula is wonderfully human, and the human appeal never grows old. While I have come to believe that the public loves to laugh, today as it never did before, I am convinced it has not forgotten how to feel, and Pinero's play is as true to-day as the day it was written. To me it is an absolutely new play. I know nothing of its traditions, never having seen it played."

"When Miss Netherole and Mrs. Campbell appeared in it I was so busy that I could not find opportunity to see them. That's how easy it is to get lost."

## Meg Villars Compares the Night Dances of New York and Paris, New York's a Poor Imitation at Four Times the Cost



because they have a literary precision that makes them so. The colloquial style is quite out of the question. In attempting to grasp them I had nothing but instinct to guide me. To me 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' is a classic to be approached with reverence. Yet I was obliged to put it on before I knew my lines, and at the same time to rehearse a new company in 'Zaza.' Can you realize my difficulties? I had to depend entirely upon myself. Even now I am rehearsing a repertoire that includes 'Camille,' 'The Gay Lord Quex' and 'Tosca.' Work? Why, even on Sunday mornings I go to work at 9

C. Darnton.

**MEG VILLARS.**  
In Paris You Are Welcome to Spend Your Money—and the Prices Are Tall—but at Least You Feel that Your Money Is Gratefully Received—Here at the Entrance You Meet a Uniformed Official Who Gives You a Who-the-Devil-Are-You Glance, as if You Came to Borrow a Few Dollars, Instead of to Waste a Lot of Them on the Place that Pays for His Clothes!

By Meg Villars.

**A**LMOST the first day I was here people ask to me, they ask, "You must go and see our 'cabarets.' From the stream they laid on the word 'cabaret' I came to the conclusion that New York is very proud of her cabarets, so I set to myself, as I'll go and investigate!"

Let me ask, first of all, dear New York, why you call these places 'cabarets'? In France a cabaret is a small, cheap wine-shop, where workmen who cannot afford the larger cafes that are patronized by the middle classes. Certainly there are a few, a very few, 'artistic' cabarets up on the heights of Montmartre, where well-known poets and musicians have sung their own ballads in their youth, but these places are haunted almost entirely by real bohemians (not the sort that build up their bohemia with Japanese lanterns and a chafing dish), and are as different from your cabarets here as the Parisian night restaurants, which I thought would be a new thing, are different from the old-fashioned New York restaurants.

"All I ask for," she mused, "is five more years. Then I shall retire. Meanwhile I should like to play a part with you. A French accent and a touch of comedy. After that a season in vaudeville, with a scene from 'Adrian' followed by a moving picture play—then to the green hills far away and a blue sky under which to dream of all that has passed. I don't want to keep on acting until the public says of me, 'What an old woman!'"

We pulled back our chairs, and while we went out at one door, the old-fashioned Lady with a Past vanished through another.

Of course there are instances in both places, there is the inevitable Spanish dancer whom you cannot get away from in any of the European cities where red paint is flung around at night. There are even Apache dancers still, and, since Gaby Deslys & Co. initiated us in Paris, we see the turkey trot performed by professional dancers. There are also little palaces containing bottles of the traditional bubble water, which women and men of both continents beat up with forks so that the bubbles subside, and there are the points of similarity!

Pray don't imagine I am preferring Paris. I dislike the night restaurant of amusement as much as the cabaret stunt. I don't think I have been enticed into one of the smart haunts of night Paris more than once during the whole of last year, and then the Abbaye de Tholome only got me on Christmas Eve, out of pure mobbishness, because if you don't go there that night you may as well give up pretending to be somebody and start the in-

### Not Generally Known By John L. Hobbie.

Many a woman is unhappy because she has all the things necessary to make her happy.

A "wiper" is an actor whose salary forces him to confine his diet to soup.

A man appears ignorant when he doesn't know something that you learned yesterday.

When a man chooses the lesser of two evils he makes the most of it.

Men are divided into two classes—those who are and those who are not.

THE GREAT WHAT IS IT DANCE

valid lady with a pug-dog business or be an aged spinster with a parrot. One of the greatest differences between the two, "yours" and "ours," is that in Paris you are welcomed to spend your money; the prices are tall, as tall as your wonderful skyscrapers, but at least you feel that when you pay your bill the money is gratefully received. Here where you arrive at the entrance of a cabaret you find, instead of the smiling countenance of a gray-headed captain who considers it a privilege to make you comfortable, a uniformed official who looks over with an insolent who-the-devil-are-you glance as if you had come to try and borrow a few dollars instead of to waste a lot of them on the establishment that pays for his clothes.

In Paris most of the smart places are brightly lit, well decorated by French artists who know their work and, above all, the rooms are brilliantly lighted. There's a certain type of bathing dress frock that seems very popular here, as popular as the shaving brush coiffure that is built expressly to tickle your partner's nose when he bunnies hugs you around! You would not see a frock like that anywhere in Paris, off the stage. Of course we all know that on the stage the limits of undress have been reached, since the gina, haddet, danced nightly to crowded houses wearing a black lace shawl, silk stockings and a rose sticking from between her pearly teeth. Here you seem to see the way of dress and even, perhaps, manners to do, in real life, almost everything you see done on the stage.

That, dear New York, would get you into trouble if you were in Paris!

To remain with the "first cabaret of mine"—it was illuminated by a stream of becoming pink light, which certainly softened the crudeness of the scene. I guess that pink light was used just as the lady-past-here-youth employs paint and then pulls down the Venetian blinds to shut out the sun and hide the discrepancies of her make-up.

In the curious half light, rendered all the more uncertain by a haze of tobacco smoke, the beautiful women were gaudy and the plain ones were beautiful; therein must lie the attraction of the place, no doubt.

Most of the women seem to wear a strange half expectant expression all the time, just as if they were counting on something out-of-the-way happening—yet nothing ever did! The thing I should like to tell would be an astonished husband, returning unexpectedly from a journey, some there to fetch his wife and find her dancing—as I've seen them dance! Then something out of the way would happen, I dare say!

You may think it very bold of me to assume that there were married women there without their husbands, dear New York. I apologize if I am mistaken, but I don't think I am! A woman of forty, unless she married late and is still on her honeymoon, doesn't wear out a parquet floor dancing with her husband half the night swathed in a frock compared to which the smoke lady's garment is a gown!

do you think it's right? And the married women who were there all dressed up like horses!

Having made a bad break the other day in the matter of over-dressing the part when I went to that burlesque show I resolved to be on the safe side this time. I needn't have worried either way, though, for I found every kind of thing in the way of dress from ball gowns that one uses a shoe horn to get into to tailor-made suits.

Certainly some of the New York women believe in stripping for the fight! The arms, shoulders and backs on view in most cabarets—since cabarets they are—would give any artist food for thought and provide inspiration till his death, allowing he wasn't struck deaf, dumb and blind at first sight!

The American lady certainly shares honors with her English sister in the matter of wearing low-cut gowns on all possible occasions.

Parisienne leave more to the imagination as it were, and although you may accuse them of wearing suggestive and even "wicked" frocks you can rarely find any guilt of being "quite naked and unashamed" in public. It is only at the opera, in the boxes of very smart theatres and at private dances and dinners that you catch the Parisienne in all the glory of their usually beautiful shoulders.

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whether that white wrapper she had round her neck was a bow of tulle or a handkerchief she had knotted under her third chin, all these people come and out capers in a public place like this! Are they all disappointed stage aspirants who must have an audience and can only find one there?

A few of them appeared to be up-from-the-country and rather astonished at finding themselves there, a little anxious about their not-often-used evening clothes, but quite ready to enjoy themselves. The queerest of all the women was a very fat, tubby little dame of many summers and even as many winters, who danced for all she was worth with any one who came within catching distance of her. She was wonderfully and marvelously made up, and she had a "personal touch" round the neck that I was unfortunately too far off to see properly.

Till my dying day I shall never know whether that white wrapper she had round her neck was a bow of tulle or a handkerchief she had knotted under her third chin, all these people come and out capers in a public place like this! Are they all disappointed stage aspirants who must have an audience and can only find one there?

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The nice married women who have sometimes for the fun of it—gone round the floor a few times with their husbands, do it a little bit out of bravado, but never as I see it done here—never, NEVER! The half-world, yes; but the world, NO! That is emphatic and true! I, dear New York—emphatic and truthful!

In another cabaret dancing place there was a "bigger" orchestra strumming out a waltz. A few times with their husbands, do it a little bit out of bravado, but never as I see it done here—never, NEVER! The half-world, yes; but the world, NO! That is emphatic and true! I, dear New York—emphatic and truthful!

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It is extraordinary the abandon and sheer devilry with which some women were dancing; yes, and girls, too! I've never seen anything approaching it, when you remember that these are "respectable" souls. If a Frenchman was suddenly popped down into the assembly I saw he would laugh at you if you dared tell him that these people are mostly wealthy citizens of good standing. He would abuse you, with a French equivalent, to "cut it out," and murmur under his breath "Maxim's." Remember, Maxim's ladies are not what you seem to think they are in musical comedies, dear New York; the lady from Maxim's is a young woman whom even Theodore Dreiser could not render interesting as seriously. This sounds paradoxical, but you know it's not, don't you, dear New York?

Why, then, all these people come and out capers in a public place like this! Are they all disappointed stage aspirants who must have an audience and can only find one there?

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positively coming with two-legged animals in the search of pleasure. Every one was gay, every one was happy, every one was enchanted; nobody had time to think "Good heavens, if some man set light to a woman's dress with his cigarette!" It's true that it doesn't bear thinking about in a crowded place like that.

But what mentality have the people who go there, as I am told they do, night after night, paying good money in exchange for the permission to behave like lunatics and have their food thrown at them by inattentive waiters who are too proud to be polite, but not proud enough to refuse a tip?

As a wind-up we tried to get into Bustanoby's, but the Warrior on Steel by the Red Rope said there wasn't room for a pin to fall. Not being pins, we didn't see the point; however, we did not insist.

I hear that they serve breakfast there at 5 o'clock. Goodness knows the cabaretiers need restoring after the exertions of the night!

I wonder they don't provide ambulances to take them home afterward. In spite of the many things that surrounded me I must say that, on the whole, I enjoyed my "night out" just as one, occasionally, enjoys a huge job at one's own expense, but it was with a splitting headache and a never-ending vision that I retained the imposing way over pools of soapy water, too, as I was going to bed, there were getting up and the gorgeous Peacock Alley was undergoing its morning toilet. Feeling a little bit ashamed of myself, I remarked to the sleepy elevator man, "Shocking time to be out, isn't it?" "You're not the last, ma'am," he answered.

"Ah," said I, absently relieved, "there are others, are there? I dare say they are out at those queer cabarets I've heard so much about!" (Feminine hypocrisy takes the cake!)

"I daresay, ma'am," and he added, under his breath, but I caught it all the same, "More fools they when they might be sleeping!"

Don't you think, in strict confidence, dear New York, one may take his word as final?

"Certainly Some of the New York Women Believe in Stripping for the Fight—The Arms, Shoulders and Backs on View in Most Cabarets—Since Cabarets They Are—Would Provide Any Artist Inspiration Till His Death, Allowing He Wasn't Struck Deaf, Dumb and Blind at First Sight."